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Adjectives				
An adjective is a word that describes a noun or pronoun such as a person, place, thing, or idea.				
An adjective can tell... the size, shape, color, taste, and more.				
Color	Size	Shape	Taste	Texture
black	big	boxy	bitter	bumpy
blue	large	round	sour	crispy
orange	little	square	sweet	smooth
green	short	triangular	tangy	slimy
pink			tart	squishy
Descriptor	Texture	Sound	Number	Weather
heavy	bumpy	clink	few	cloudy
fresh	furry	harmonious	few	dry
rusty	slimy	loud	many	foggy
salty	smooth	pleasant	some	rain
tinkly	squishy	quiety	two	windy

# Bad At Adjectives



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## Chapter 1 by Phantim

(Try to use severely incorrect adjectives to describe things)

There I was, my rocky hair blowing in the wind. I saw you across the triangular street, you smiled. You had muscular teeth, and flowing eyes. I was in awe of you. A contrast from my own clockwise appearance.

## Chapter 2 by BryanMc



As the sun hung aromatic in the sky, I bitterly decided to introduce myself to you. "Hello", I said. "My name is bewilderingly unimportant. I just wanted to tell you that you how steeply attractive you are".

The words had just voicelessly left my mouth when I noticed you were a cardboard cutout. I was ajar with embarrassment. Still, I found myself apathetically attracted to you. Hey, the last person I dated was an easy disaster.

I gathered all my courage and asked hugely, "Would you like to go for coffee? There's a prickly coffee shop down the street that I've been wanting to try for a breezy time." You looked at me

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We were vastly on our way to the coffee shop.

## Chapter 3 by Anticitizen One



The leafy shopkeeper of the rippling delicatessen I took you from burst out of the shop. "What do you think you're doing with my cutout, you mingling moron?" he shouted listlessly. I moistly responded "I have a date with this injurious cutout!" I filthily turned around and strode down the street toward the coffee shop.

Once we arrived at that strapping coffee shop I harrowingly bent you in half and aligned you in a chair. I sat in the ingenuous chair across from you and stared at your edgy smile. I was gripped by aquamarine timidity.

Thankfully a waitress arrived and took our orders in short order. Afterwards, I felt that irreconcilable urge, nature's call. When you weren't looking, I slipped from the table. I dipped into the bathroom for a fiery moment, but when I returned, I didn't see you at our bucolic table.

I drew nearer and saw you laid caressingly on the floor, with two cylindrical gentleman sitting at our table. Gripped with fluffy rage, I seize you up from the floor and storm out of the grandiose coffee shop. I step out onto the apoplectic sidewalk and gaze into the starry midday sky.

## Chapter 4 by Wesley C-1



My sociable feeling of rage slowly dissipates as we walk away. Thinking like a scholarly platypus, I decide its time for my date to visit the doctor. Her enlightening lack of voice has got me murderously worried. Running my entertaining hand through my hair, I contemptuously notice that we have arrived.

The moment we walk through the door, a doctor takes one scabby look at us and whispers to a nurse:

"Please tell me that pickled psychiatrist is still here"

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We left feeling squishy and so i invited her to my sharp studio apartment for lukewarm tea and harmonious horror movies about green women who always know what to do if the short inevitable happens.

### Chapter 6 by joey



afterwards i slightly walked her home to her grainy house. I asked her how our date went and she said "tangy" i left feeling spicy as i walked home a metallic girl in a tired lambo pulled up and asked if I needed a ride. she looked about sharp years old with happy hair and bald eyes.

### Chapter 7 by Lizabeth Sche



I don't take pricey rides from familiar strangers, so I positively decline. At home I take a dry shower. My towel smells plain. I turn off the full water and partially exit. The phone silently rings. Instinctively, I have no idea it's her. She is eagerly uninterested, obviously. So the paper girl and I have a one sided conversation and make unsure plans for a past day.

### Chapter 8 by Frank



Should we merrily march to the blue park or go for a sooth flight over the solid ocean.

Oh! There are so many choices! Which shall I actively choose?

Or maybe a infuriating stroll through down-town space? Or perhaps a gargantuan skydive from a whispering plane?

**the end**

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